# The East Saginan Courier.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

GEO. F. LEWIS. PUBLISHER.

### VOLUME 1

## EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 11, 1859.

NUMBER 3.

### Business Directory.

# East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

Published every Thursday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigun.

TERMS:-\$1 50 a year. Invariably in advance RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (16 lines or less) 3 weeks, 25

One fourth Column, I Year, 20,00

" whole " 50,00

Business Cards, 5 lines or less, 3,00

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hee.
Yearly advertisers will be entitled to a card in the
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Vassar & Tuscola. mail semi-weekly,
Tuesday and Fridays.
Saginaw City mail daily at 2. P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern mails daily at 8 P. M.
Portsmouth & Bay City daily at 7 A. M.
Way mail to Flint daily at 1 P. M.
Vassar & Tuscola, Semi-weekly mail Mondays and
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D. W. C. GAGE. tterney and Counseller at Law, and Soliciter i Chancrey; also Dand and Tax Agent. EAST SAGINAW.

#### NOTICE.

HOSE INDEBTED TO US EITHER ON NOTE or necount, are requested to call and sottle the ame without delay, as we are determined to close all counts. Hereafter our terms are Cush. COPELAND & BARTOW.

East Saginaw, June 11, 1859.

ARGE BOX STOVES FOR STORES, SCHOOL Houses, &c., warranted not to crack or break in one year's fair usage. HESS & BRO.

THEET MUSIC.—IN GREAT VARIETY THIS Dday received by express, and for sale by
A. FERGUSON.

THRESHING MACHINES, HORSE POWERS. Wood Sawing Machines, built and repeated with the Mess and dispatch by HESS & BRO. A ND-IRONS FOR SALE AT THE EAST SAGI-naw Foundry and Machine Shop, on the Dock. HESS & BRO.

SIX NEW TURNING LATHS, FINISHED AND ready for sale, cheap. Enquire of HESF & BRO.

OTICE TO LUMBERMEN-THE SUBSCRIB-

WALL PAPER. - A general assortment at the been set them in the fool himself,

#### Science of Things Familiar.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earth and minerals. Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap and dis-solves it, instead of decomposing it as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; 2d, wood ashes also convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment by which the water remains more

pure. Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters washed from the roofs trees or the casks in which

it is collected.' How does blowing hot foods make them It causes the air which has been heated by food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat from our face; but it cools our face by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draft under the door and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

Why is there always a strong draft through the key hole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the key hole into the room, and causes a draft.

Why is there always a draft through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of the warm air up chimney.

If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draft than if you open the Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in the Enterprise building up stairs.

EAST SAGINAW. es out, and, of course, there will be less home in good season.'

Why is a room best ventillated by opening the upper sash? Because the hot the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash, because the outer air can enter more freely into the lower part of the room where it is colder.

'I can't help it Malcolm. But here, kiss me before you go.'

Why does the wind dry damp linen?-Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, im-

or chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places ngs? Because the heated air of the builded - Scientific American.

the Spanish campaign under Napoleon I., once read in a manuscript which, by chance fell into his hands, that, from observations made in England and Florence, during the period of fifty years, the following respecting the weather had been proved to hold true. "Eleven times out of twelve the weather remains the same during the whole moon as it is on the fifth like the fourth day, if the sixth resembles the fourth." From 1815 to 1830, M. Bugeaud devoted his attention to agriculture; and, guided by the law just men-tioned, avoided the losses in hay time and vintage which many of his neighbors ex-AMBROTYPES.

LASTMAN, HAVING FITTED UP ROOMS he nevered entered on a campaign until after the sixth day of the moon. His prepared to take Ambrotypes in superior style, and put them up in beautiful cases just received by Express. Good pictures taken as low as FIFTY CENTS. perienced. When Governor of Algiers. ants in Algiers, would often exclaim, "How lucky he is in the weather!"-What they recorded as a mere chance, was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and added threequarters of an hour for each day for the greater length of the lunar, as compared with the solar day."

Nothing is entirely lost. The drop of

# Selected Loetry.

What Argufics Whimpring and Whining.

BY B. G. CHILDS.

What arguftes whimpering and whining, Ill fate and hard luck still regretting? No good's e'er achieved by repining: And your fortune's the worse for your fret

If the world treats you badly, keep cool Let it know that it deals with a man. Your whimpering but stamps you a fool, And leaves you just where you began.

A fig for all luck good or fil-For fortune and fate are but trush: You can dig your own road if you will, And pave it with honors and cash. Then up, my brave fellow, and at it: Dare the world, hard fortune and all:

If a trouble arises, combat it, And drive every care to the wall. For what arguins whimpering and whining? Ill luck and hard fate still regretting. Since no good is e're gained by reptining, Let children and fools do the fretting.

MOTHER'S LOVE -- BY FINLEY JOHNSON O, there is still within this world
A brilliant, fadeless light,
Which, like a star, shines through the clouds
Of sorrow's darkest night
Which hovers round our pathway here,
Which hovers round our pathway here,
Which legit reflected from
A mother's holy love.

There is a boon—a blessed boon— Unto us mortals given. Which gives us here a foretaste of The happiness of heaven; And when the starms of sorrow rise, And clouds grow dark above, It lingers round us to the last; That boon—a mother's love.

"Tis true that off our footsteps roam,
Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,
And we forget the ties of home,
In sin's deceivful ways.
Yet there's a charm to lure us back,
Like some poor weary dove—
That charm, so pure and beautiful,
Is a mother's holy love.

DESCRIPTIVE. - James Smith, author of "Rejected he racy poets of the seventeenth century. Here is

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with boily;
Misiletec hange from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy;
leicles click in the mikmaid's pail,
Younkers skate on pool below;
Blackbirds perek on the garden rall,
And hark, how the cold winds blow.

There goes the Squire to shoot at snipe,
Here runs Dick to fetch a log;
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe.
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the lee for the kine,
Old and young cough as they go;
The round red an forgets to shine,
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

#### MALCOLM WARREN;

- 0 B -The Old Man's Lesson.

Malcolm, I wouldn't so out to night ome, say with me this evening. 'Not this evening, Alice. I have promed to meet some friends this evening, be open, the heated air of the room rush- and must keep my word. I will be at

itiated air, which always ascends towards see if I cannot make you as happy as with you nonsense. Just this once, Malcolm, O, this once !' quickly cooled—by opening the upper or What—crying! Now what's the use of that? Can't a fellow go out once a while without leaving a crying wife ?'

Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his young wife. Malcolm was a young man. bibes the particles of vapor from the sur- twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenface of the linen as fast as they are form- ter by trade. His wife was one of the sweetest dispositioned girls in town, and to his lips. Which is the hottest place in church she made one of the best wives. She her pure soul, and she knew that she was the idea. hotter than the lower parts of the build- loved in heart. Her two children, a boy ing ascends, and all the cold air which they were alone with her in the snug litkeeps to the floor till it has become heat- enough to ask what made his mother cry, but she dared not tell him.

Malcolm Warren owned the little cot-tage in which he lived, and he had paid alluded was an old, white-haired man. som gave place to a kindly envy. They Warren well. during the whole moon as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day; and nine times out of twelve prize; but they only hoped that their own come alone, for I alone would speak they who sleep have died amid the sweet reckless about the exactitude of his exlot might be as fortunate. Why, then, with you. Come! should a cloud come upon that house ?-Why should Alice weep? Ah, for the same reason that thousands of our fairest daughters wept. For the same reason to follow. that hot tears are over crying out their silent appeals for mercy; tears that run until they make a flood that fairly shricks

as it rolls over our land. Malcolm Warren had a high social nature — his society was prized by all who could secure it—and he had been indulging in the false smiles of the wine-cup. For the last year he had been allowing his appetite to gain strength. At first it was only an 'occasional glass,' then 'a glass or so once in a while, and then old man said; one or two glasses a day. But lately he 'Come, follow had gone so far as to spend his earnings away from home, and for nearly two water that is spilt, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots in the ground, all that perishes and is forgotten equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence returned, to fructify the earth, or for some other purpose.

Many a fool runs into society to run.

All this, and she knew full well where it those beds for the children of immortalists those beds for the children of immortalists those beds for the children of immortalists that beams upon turn to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name knew how surely he was fallen. She had the place, and the chill air sighed mournfully seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence returned, to fructify the earth, or for some other purpose.

Many a fool runs into society to run.

Many a fool runs into society to run.

All this, and she knew full well where it those beds for the children of immortalists beams upon turn to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name again as you did this evening. When said tried to laugh them off as idle whims.—

She had prayed to him her fears, and he had tried to laugh them off as idle whims.—

She had prayed to him to stop the fatal can be church yard; think only of what he has suffered and of the church yard; think of what he has suffered and of the church yard; think of what he has suffered and of that you may in welcome speak.'

Many a fool runs into society to run.

All this, and she knew full well where it those beds for the children of immortality. Now, Malcolm, he said, 'you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name again as you did this evening.

Now, Malcolm, he said, 'you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name turn to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you again think of poor Adam Stanford, think only of wha

buy warmer clothes for herself and chil-dren, and he had none to give her. Only but you did not speak the whole truth, a day before he had brought home a for the whole truth you did not know, home a barrel, as he used to do. He the truth into your ear.' poor Alice knew too well Malcolm's face, old man's face, and as he saw how solemn slowly but surely wearing away. The forgot the bad company he had left belarge bleared and bloodshot; the once fair cheeks were becoming swollen and bloated; and

wonder she knelt down by her bedside and prayed. It was now Saturday evening, and Malcolm was going out. He was to on the morrow?

his lips looked dry and cracked.

'Malcolm! O, do not wholly forget your fond loving Alice, when you are

kissed her not as he used to do, but kiss. his frame. ed her merely because she asked him to, and then left his cottage. After he had mother. Once more he asked her not to cry, and then his own little heart their gray hairs came down in sorrow to of his salvation had dawned. burst, and mother and child wept. This was another drop in the poor woman's one with the dark gray stone. He who band and wife were upon their knees.—

'Amen.' street, he seemed to shake himself as was cold and hungry, and that her chil- happy home. though he would shake off the influence dren needed clothing, but he heeded her On the next morning, Malcolm War-

and father closed his hands as though he groaned mournfully. would hold upon the feelings he had

cried a young man, as he raised the glass ed and frozen, and they dropped by the life he glorified in the reform he had

'It's the raven's croak' said another of loved her husband with all the energy of his companions. Here's concusion to living soldier, and say that amid the of the happiest families in the village that they endure green and fresh for

and girl, often saw her shed tears when poising his glass. 'Poison in the bowl? and still lived. Like that single fragthey were alone with her in the snug lit. Nonsense! Look at old Uncle Adam, ment of the regiment, do I stand here can enter through the doors and windows the sitting-room, and the boy was old now. He's been used to it all his lifetime, and here he is the oldest man in in town. Come, here's to Uncle Adam!'

shal Bugeaud," says the Emancipation, of Brussels, "when only a captain, during the Alice had borne her own share of in his hand. His name was Adam Stanthe burden, by purchasing all the furni- ford, and almost ninety years had rolled ture. Malcolm was stout and an excel- over his head. His form was bent, and lent workman, and had never yet seen his limbs trembled, but still he lived, and length they stopped by a spot where two not determine whether he was intoxicathe hour when he needed to lay idle for his mind was yet clear. He heard the graves lay side by side. The slabs were ted or crazy, but, as he said he had no the want of work. A better-hearted remark which the young carpenter had of marble, and they glistened brightly in home, he was taken in charge as a vayouth lived not in the town, and when made, and having set down his untouchhe took the gentle Alice for his wife, ed liquor, he turned and gazed upon the
'Malcolm,' spoke the sexton, in a deep streets, with folded arms, talking to himthere was many a fair maiden whose bo- youthful speaker. He knew Malcolm

There was something very deep and

'Detain him not,' said Adam, as some asked.

'To please an old man. I mean to do you no harm, Malcolm. Come.'

Passing out of the door they moved across the street. Near was the village churchyard, and thither he bent his steps. Arriving at the gate, he passed in.— When Malcolm hesitated to enter, the 'Come, follow me.

Malcolm went, and soon they stood away from home, and for nearly two within the village church-yard! And months past he had spent all his money this white haired guide was the sexton, with his jovial companions. Alice saw who for more than sixty years had made all this, and she knew full well where it those beds for the children of immortali-

Many a fool runs into society to run think that he would ever become a drunk-away from himself, but if others run away ard. So Alice was afraid to speak all in a voice so deep that it seemed almost Malcolm sprang forward and caught him Wine ho! I cried. The call was answerfrom him instantly he gets offended; and yet it strikes us that the latter are only following the good example that had been set them in the first instance by the fool himself,

So Africe was atraid to speak all in a voice so deep that it seemed almost to come from one of the neighboring by the arm.

'Uncle Adam,' he uttered, in choked and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, said he, but plenty of whis—. Silence! thou permicious catiff me as an example of how long a man broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, all that was coming. She saw the broad praves, 'not long since you pointed to me as an example of how long a man broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, all that was coming. She saw the broad praves, 'not long since you pointed to me as an example of how long a man broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, of whis—. Silence! thou permicious catiff and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, of whis—. Silence! thou permicious catiff and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, of whis—. Silence! thou permicious catiff and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, in vain endeavors and caught him by the arm.

'Uncle Adam,' he uttered, in choked and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for wine, and broken accents,

them in the face! It was autumn, and outlived all my companions, and yet as to the tavern no more. O. God bless brought the juice of cursed juniper in a, she had asked Malcolm for money to one who had always quaffed at the intox- you! God bless you! bucketful of flour, instead of sending and I have brought you here to whisper gether, and bade him say his prayers .- sent into this dirty Station House three

earned money and where was it? Alas! Malcolm Warren looked up into the die. The first words of the prayer were on my head. The fellow's name? My and she knew that its manly beauty was was the expression that rested there, he blue eyes were growing dim, hind at the tavern, and his thoughts became serious.

No Malcohn, resumed the past, and see a lord and speak. score of young men who commenced the race of life with me. We loved to learn band entered. Alice cast her eyes tremthe excitement of the intoxicating cup, bling up, and saw the big tears that were meet some friends, and Alice knew that and we thought not then of the dangers he was to meet them at the tavern. He had worked only three days the past week, and he had the pay for these three days we were courting. Years passed on, and I saw those twenty men sink into the arms of death, and I buried them all works in his part of the dangers we were courting. here. Malcolm Warren, they all sleep in ed? Tell me-O, tell me! work in his pocket. The money was here. Malcolm Watter, was work in his pocket. The money was drunkard's graves! One after another I saw them fall, and at length I was left alone of the party who were wont to assemble around the bar-room fire.

one.'

A deep groan escaped from the young and weeping as he spoke, 'can you forBut Malcolm did not answer. He man's lips, and a shudder ran through give me for all that is passed?' A deep groan escaped from the young

'All gone?' he asked.

danger! But she could only clasp and house in which you were born. He used then wept in silence. pray more fervently. And the little boy when his mother had done praying, said, he thought not then of harm. I once threw his tiny hands about the necks of

And thus speaking, the young husband he did so, Malcolm bowed his head and neath his roof. eternal snows of Russia there is no dan-'Good! exclaimed Malcolm Warren, ger, because that man had passed them them. and still lived. Like that single frag-

a living man.' The youth gazed upon the face of the aged speaker, and new emotions were working upon his features.

'Come, Malcolm, I would show one more spot before we go.' The old man leaned upon his staff, and moved slowly among the graves, and involuntarily did the youth follow. At

were good virtuous people, and when with as much confusion as Captain Cutmeaning in the old man's voice, and as he turned toward the door, Malcolm arose for our village had lost two of its most right, but would break off in the middle stand over those graves, for I know that dovetailing an irrelevant piece from of his companions sought to hinder him. God smiles upon them. There is no some strange author, or mix up half-a-Why should I go with you? he taint nor dishonor here. Malcolm, do dozen authors with interpolations of his

> The youth did not answer, nor did he raise his head, but with one deep, wild ery, he sank down, and there he lay across both the graves, weeping and sobbing like a child. His father and mother - slept there!

ly upon the scene, and then he took the veal the noble name of him who gave me youth by the arm and roused him up. The youth followed his guide out from and Fletcher. the church vard, and after the gate was closed they passed on to the street.— you'll go to jail.

Here Adam Stanford stopped.

Prisoner—I do remember an apothe

'Now, Malcolm,' he said, 'you can re-turn to your companions at the tavern, don't, he lives in the Bowery—but in his

Her youngest girl was asleep in the cra- quarters tight, with all my imperfections uttered-'Our Father, who art in Heaven'-when there came the sound of foot- ble in the mind, to suffer the cuffs and steps upon the plank walk in the little front garden. bruises of this bloody Dutchman, or take arms against his red haired highness, and front garden.

At last the door opened and the husrolling down the cheeks of her beloved. Instantly she sprang forward and clasped her arms about her husband's neck. 'Malcolm!' she cried, what has happen

his lap. 'Alice-O, Alice!' he uttered, sobbing

The gentle wife was bewildered at at first - nay almost frightened; for the 'Yes, all!' the old man uttered. 'But speech of her husband was so wild and gone Alice sat down and wept. She this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives incoherent, she feared his brain was more, though short the story be; let me could not help it. Her darling boy crept and children that died, and they, too, lie turned. But ere long he spoke again, go back to where I was before and I'll by her side, and placed his arms about her here! O, how well I can remember when and as he spoke he kissed her. He was get my living without troubling the Corneck. He asked no questions, but he asked her not to cry. His little mind when they turned away from the place seemed to have some idea of the coming they were blushing brides. But a few of the resolutions he had made. He did calamity. It must have been vague, short years and I began to gather them not tell of any trial he was going to but it was clear enough to prevent him into the fold of death. They sank down make, but he told her of the iron will Addresses," has a descriptive power equal to some of from forcing the dread thoughts upon his with broken hearts and crushed hopes. that had entered his soul. The night of

O, how palpable must sleeps beneath that mound was once the Their emotions were too deep for utternow be the husband's course, when even the prattling child saw and knew the a carpenter by trade, and he built the A moment they struggled there, and

heard his young wife beg of him to re- his parents, for even his young soul had It was a clear, cool evening, and as main at home with her, but he refused caught the spark of new life that had Malcolm Warren stepped out into the her the boon. She told him that she been breathed into existence within his

could not wholly drive from his mind the wife's heart broke, and she died, and her was calm now, and he told Alice all that prevents and nobody'll feel any sortearful countenance of his foods—at faith children. The husband and father I had transpired the night before, and when for the husband and father I had transpired the night before, and when the told one could one coul upon the face of the child. Yet he tried graves for I buried them altogether .- Days, weeks, months passed, and Mal-

to crush the thoughts that were thus You can see the wife's grave next be- colm Warren became once more the choir'll sing a hymn; earth to earth, and springing into life. 'Pooh!' said he, as youd the gray stone of the husband, and handsome youth that had been beloved and dust to gravel, and that'll be the last of 'I had hoped that I should have your the image of his wife forced itself upon him; it's only a little fun and frolic.— those two little graves are where lie the cherisned by honest friends in times gone him; it's only a little fun and frolic.— frozen boy and girl!

The flowers of affection bloomed Clerk—Peter converse to the cherisned by honest friends in times gone by.

The flowers of affection bloomed clerk—Peter converse to the cherisned by honest friends in times gone by. 'I had hoped that I should have your company. Come, why can't you try and see if I cannot make you as happy as with you nonsense.'

the image of his wife forced itself upon those two little graves are where he the frozen by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearthstone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home bever two little graves are where he the cherished by nonest friends in times gone by.

People wondered, when they noticed and corrected. 'Malcolm Warren,' he said, 'there was that Adam Stanford went no more to the tried to repress, and then he hasten once a full regiment of stout soldiers tavern; but the story of that night's lesblesed him for the joys that dawned upon ever.

#### AS GOOD AS NEW.

The following has some age but it brightens with the lapse of years." We cut the it from the N. Y. Tribune Aug. the score, but determined not to 9. 1855.

Shakespeare Run Mad—Improvemnts on the Immortal Bard—Collier Behind the Age.

the Fourteenth Ward. The officer could grant. He had been traversing the whisper, I remember well when I'made self in odd bits of plays and poems. He to fill the graves which here I made, for Richard Swivefler, Esq's but he was as over it the next morning. breathings of peace and honor. They tracts, and jumbled up his authorities noble spirits. O, I love to come and and substitute some words of his own, or you know who rest in those two graves?' own, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk-What's your name? isn't the devil a doubt of it-that's Scott. slept there! sucks Peter Knight all day. Thou base do me the honor to become my widow inglorious slave, thinks't thou I will re-

wine? No, Sir-ee, Bob-that's Beaumont Officer in a whisper-If you don't tell the rest the poor.

that you may in welcome speak.'

The old man turned partly away, when Why should I have concealed my fault?

phial, and in the porches of my throat did pour Udolpho Wolfe's distillment.-The clock struck nine, and Alice War-ren folded the hands of her little boy to-once dispatched—not drunk nor sober,

'It's papa,' said the boy, letting his by informing end him? I go and it is hands drop upon his Mother's knees, and bending his ear to listen. But the mothook back now into the past, and see a core of young men who commenced the Clerk-have you got a home?

very soul rebels. But wheather is it no

Prisoner—My home is on the deep, deep sea—that's Plutarch's Lives. Clerk—How do you get your living? Prisoner—Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloops don't have but one watchman-that's

Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as he did so he drew his wife into Billy S. again. Clerk—Do you pay for your oysters? Prisoner—Base is the slave that pays; the speed of thought is in my limbs-

that's Byron. Clerk-Do you steal them and then

run away? Prisoner-I've told thee all, I'll tell no poration-that's Tom Moore, altered to

suit circumstances.

Justice (evidently at a loss, in a whisper to mystified clerk)—I think he'scrazy, what do you think its best to do with

Prisoner (overhearing)—Off with his head; so much—that's Shakespeare curtailed. Justice-Will you promise to dispense

with the gin and brandy if you are discharged? Prisoner-Oh, I could be happy with either were, tother dear charmer up and the cork put in-that's Dibbin,

with a vengence.

Judge—What do you suppose will become of you if you go on in this way, living as you have done? Prisoner-Alas, poor Yorick! Peter I mean. Who knows where he will lay of the place he was leaving. But he not. A few short years afterwards, that ren arose a better and happier man. He his bones? Few and short will the

put on his robe and read the service; the

er all the better. That's Byron, revised

Humor is a perennial source of purity ed on. At length he reached the tavern followed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russon in the village church vard became and freshness to the mind. It clears and here he found his companions. The sia. There were many other regiments generally known, and other men took it away the cobwebs; it freshens up the salaugh and the joke commenced, and ere also, but of this one in particular have I to their heart and profited by it. It was ted edge of appetite; it flows through the long Malcolm forgot all about his home. read. Of that whole company of men, a good seed sown in a fertile spot, and whole being like a babbling stream, with He sat in the bar-room, and his sharp only one solitary individual lived to rewit made food for much merriment.

'Who says there's danger in the bowl?' rest died on the way. They were stary-Shellevs burn themselves out for want of wayside. Now, suppose some thought- helped to work, and the last hours of his it; your Shakespeares and your Dickenses less youth should point to that single life were cheered by knowing that some are so irrigated by its delicious coolness,

> SHUNNING THE TEMPTER .- A sailor just off a spree, joined the sons of Temperance in Philadelphia the other day, and at the time was indebted to a rumseller one shilling. Soon after he went to pay off the house in which he was robbed, he got a long pole, attached the money to the end of it and standing at the outside Peter Knight was found wandering in of the door, reached it to the astonished

Punch gives the following as the hotel keepers advise to his son: 'If there's been a grand dinner, always get the party to settle before leaving. The dinner bill, my son, is never so severely scrutinized those two graves. There was no sorrow possessed a facility of quotation equal to over night, as when a gentleman looks

A young florist being asked by his "Mary Ann" what flower he was most partial to, pressed her to his vest, and exclaimed, Give me thee, Polly Ann thus!" (the polyanthus.) She was soon trans-planted to his-er-flowerpatch-ah-Louisville Courier.

wen, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk—What's your name?

Prisoner—Tis true, tis pity; pity there sn't the devil a doubt of it—that's Scott.

Clerk—where did you get your liquor?

Clerk—where did you get your liquor? Prisoner-Where the bee sucks, there he, I admire you very much indeed, will you

> A man made his last will and testament in words few but significant: 'I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give

> There is a firm doing business in St. Louis under the name of "Livepoor & Dierich.' SCARCE.—Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, common honesty, disinterested friends, sound potatoes, first

rate butter and rich printers.' The Chicago Journal says that by the term 'strong minded woman,' it mean one who spoils a very respectable wome in vain endeavors to become a very order.

Timidity in a young man is better the